

Victory

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Category: Hamtaro
Genre: Humor, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Cappy, Penelope
Status: Completed
Published: 2012-04-08 06:26:50
Updated: 2012-04-08 06:26:50
Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:52:55
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 580
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Victory has never tasted so sweet. CxP

Victory

****My head is so messed up right now... this will help a little.
Ice-cream sweetness, CxP****

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><p>"Come on Penny! Hurry!" Cappy urged, eye on their target. Penelope scurried towards him, clutching a few bills in her hand. Smiles were on their faces, along with grim determination. They were going to catch him.<p>

It was such a familiar sight to the neighborhood people they didn't even look up when they ran past. "Cappy- there he is!" Penelope said, frantically pointing to a pink-and-green ice-cream truck.

Their friends would have been embarrassed to be around the two twelve-year-olds, bent on defeating the person people in their neighborhood dreaded. The ice-cream man. He always came on Saturday afternoon, the annoying ice-cream toon blasting from the speakers, driving too fast to be ignored.

Cappy smiled as he and Penelope sprinted towards the truck. He knew, finally, they were going to catch him. He was going to be the first kid-along with Penelope, of course- to buy a ice-cream bar from the hated ice-cream man.

Cappy reached into the bag he'd slung over his shoulder earlier and pulled out his precious pet. Killer the snake. He waited at the crosswalk, where the ice-cream man always went a little slower. A little, not much. Just as he expected, the truck slowed for a few precious moments. In those moments, Cappy slid along the side, kissed Killer and whispered, "Sorry!", and threw him through the window.

Then the truck speed off. He waved to Penelope, who ran across the street to him.

They raced after the truck, grinning at each other when he reaches the stoplight. A few times, when the ice-cream man goes to talk to a old friend, he leaves the truck door open. Penelope and Cappy always peeked in and saw ice-cream bar wrappers and, next to the driver seat, a hot-dog.

They knew Killer smelled the hot-dog and slithered to it. They knew the ice-cream man reached for the hot-dog but instead got the snake. They figured that much from his scream. "Now Penny!" Cappy shouted. Penelope sprinted towards the truck. "Stupid snake!" The ice-cream man said, throwing Killer out the window.

Penelope stopped him from closing the window, ignoring the honking horns as the light turned green. "Hi." She said, smiling at his flabbergasted face, "Can I get two fudge

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><p>"Victory has never tasted so sweet." Cappy declared, grinning as he licked his ice-cream. Penelope giggled. "How cliché." She said. Cappy frowned suddenly, looking at his ice-cream with sudden disgust. "He threw Killer out the window. A brave soldier went into war but didn't come home." He said sadly.<p>

"Oh yes, he did." Penelope said. Anime-style, she pulled Killer out of nowhere. "Killer- how? I mean- huh?" Cappy stammered. Penelope grinned. "I pulled him off the floor." She said, shrugging.

"Th-thank you P-Penny. I-I." Cappy stammered. She smiled. "I-I-I." She grabbed his face suddenly, turning it towards her and pressing her lips against his own. When they pulled apart, Cappy was blushing. Penelope smiled. "You were right, Cappy." She said. "Victory has never tasted so sweet."

Sorry its so short. I'm surprised I've even wrote that much. Not my best story, but I'm not in my best mood. This story is a bright contrast to how I'm feeling.

End
file.